

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. I.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1812.

[NO. 14

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XII.

SIDNEY had been nearly a week in town, and almost despaired of finding Miss Montague, from whom alone he could expect to obtain any intelligence of Cornelia, when accident brought about what he had been so unsuccessfully endeavouring to obtain. Passing through Cleveland Row with Lord Montalban, he perceived a lady beckoning from her chariot: he was at first uncertain whether the invitation was designed for his companion or himself, until the earl turning to him, said—"It is Lady Clerville, do you know her?"—"Slightly," replied Sidney; "I will speak to her." They immediately crossed the road. Lady Clerville did not recollect Sidney at the moment; but said hastily to the earl, "My lord I hope you will acquit me of any concern in the late unpleasant transaction; I can seriously assure you that I was not in your daughter's confidence."—"It is a subject I do not wish to talk about, madam," said Lord Montalban; "she has degraded herself too much for me to consider her any longer my daughter; but I must confess I expected better conduct from a young person entrusted to the care of Lady Clerville."—"The reproach is severe, my lord," said Lady Clerville, in an agitated tone; "but this is no place for discussion: I have indeed been most unlucky in my selection of friends, and perhaps am not without blame: poor Cornelia Hollingsby, Courtney I mean, is on her death bed."—"Good God!" exclaimed Sidney, "where is she, I must see her!"—"Can it be Mr. Sidney?" said Lady Clerville, with emotion: "this is unfortunate indeed."—"I beg your pardon for my vehemence," said Sidney; "but would it be proper for me to visit your unhappy niece?"—"I will take the propriety of that upon myself," continued Lady Clerville: "come into the carriage;—and you, my lord, your presence will serve to keep your friend from betraying any imprudent emotion."

Lord Montalban immediately complied, and they repaired to the lodging occupied by Mrs. Courtney. In the course of their ride Lady Clerville acquainted Sidney with the particulars we have already related, and with sincere humiliation entreated Sidney's pardon for having been instrumental in bringing Cornelia acquainted with Courtney, and biasing her mind in his favor. Sidney was too deeply afflicted to use any ceremony with Lady Clerville, and commented very freely on the want of discretion which her ladyship had evinced; yet assured her, that however he might regret the event, so fatal in itself, he could not but be satisfied that Lady Clerville had acted for the best, and had her niece's interest at heart, in wishing to keep her from uniting herself with one who did not possess her entire affections.

When they arrived at the door of Mrs. Courtney's lodging, Lady Clerville sent in their names, and the party were instantly admitted: Lady Clerville ascended to the bed-chamber of Cornelia, leaving Lord Montalban and Sidney in the parlour, until she could prepare Cornelia for such an unexpected visitor. She had, however, scarcely ascended the first staircase when a faint scream and extraordinary bustle below caused her to turn back and repair immediately to the room whence the noise proceeded. Miss Montague, exhausted with watching two whole nights by the side of her suffering friend, had thrown herself upon a sofa in the parlour, and just fallen into a disturbed slumber, when the entrance of the gentlemen roused her, and starting up, she would have retired, but casting her eyes upon Sidney, his unlooked-for appearance gave her such a sudden shock, in her then weak state, that after an instantaneous scream, she fell senseless on the floor. Lord Montalban assisted to raise her; they unbuttoned her collar to give her air, and loosened the string of a locket which she always wore; it was several minutes before she recovered, when after expressing her satisfaction at again seeing her esteemed friend, she accompanied Lady Clerville to Cornelia's chamber. "That is a most amiable girl," said Sidney to Lord Montalban, as she quitted the room; "I have known her from early youth, and am witness of her many virtues: had my poor Cornelia possessed her prudence and excellent understanding, we had been spared this hour of trial."—"The young lady has interested me much," said Lord Montalban; "her name, you say, is Montague?" As he spoke he stooped to pick up the picture which had fallen to the ground:—"Here," said he, smiling, "we shall discover one of her bosom secrets:—a lover, no doubt, and in a red coat too, as faithful as brave it is to be hoped." Applying his glass to his eye to discern the features, Lord Montalban gave a start of surprise, and his features underwent a sudden change from gaiety to indescribable emotion. "What miracle is this?" cried he; "my own portrait!—yes, it is, it must be the same:—tell me Mr. Sidney, did you know her mother?"—"I did, my lord, she was a most beautiful woman; but secret unhappiness had made her the victim of ill health, and doomed her to a premature grave."—"Was she an American by birth?"—"She was, and a widow when I knew her."—"Well, Sidney, I shall astonish you when I tell you that Harriet Montague is my daughter, an illegitimate one I confess; but that entitles her to my protection, and I will endeavour to atone to her for the wrong I did her poor mother."

Lord Montalban seemed greatly agitated as he spoke. The return of Miss Montague interrupted the discourse: she came to say, that Mrs. Courtney was prepared to receive Sidney. Lord Montalban rose and took her hand. She appeared surprised, and was still more so when Sidney addressing her, said, "a subject of the utmost importance requires your attention, Miss Montague:—Lord Montalban has some par-

ticulars to impart concerning your family, which it is necessary you should know. I will therefore leave you with him. But how is our dear Cornelia?"—"Past hope, I fear," replied Harriet, in tears: "Be careful, I entreat you, what you say to her."

Sidney promised the utmost caution, and with a palpitating heart hastened to the chamber of his once-loved Cornelia. She was supported by pillows, and resting her pale cheek on the shoulder of Lady Clerville: she extended her hand to Sidney, when he approached her, and seemed for a moment incapable of speaking; but her sunken eye seemed to say, do you forgive me? Sidney pressed it tenderly to his bosom:—"Dear unhappy girl," said he, "can nothing be done for her?" She looked earnestly in his face:—"Theodore," said she, "can you wish me to live, circumstanced as we now are?" At this awful moment I consider you only in the light of a tender brother: the hour of vanity, of levity, and of passion, is past: I was unjust to your worth, and ungrateful for your friendship; yet your happiness is now my only wish, except the welfare of one dear amiable friend. Sidney, I leave my poor unprotected Harriet to your care: I think you once esteemed me, and by that esteem I entreat you to comply with my request. Fortune has placed her in a state of dependence; she deserves a better fate: if your heart should again be accessible to love, let her be the object. She loves you, has long loved you, even while she thought us irrevocably engaged; yet the secret was buried in her bosom, till she imparted it in confidence to me a few days ago."—"She is not unprotected!" exclaimed Sidney: "she has found a father in Lord Montalban; he has promised that he will never forsake her."—"Thank heaven!" ejaculated Cornelia; "there is a just God, who always rewards the virtuous, even though he sometimes permits the guilty to go unpunished. But what is wealth, or splendor, if the heart is not at ease? This must rest with you—Sidney, promise."—"I cannot; indeed this is not a time to urge it; she knows the state of my heart too well."—"It is my last wish, Sidney; you will love her—you cannot but love her, for she is all goodness. But where is poor Courtney? I pity him sincerely."—"He very delicately withdrew," said Lady Clerville, when he heard that Mr. Sidney wished to see you: he did not choose to lay either of you under any restraint."—"Request him to come in," said Cornelia; "I feel very ill, he must not be absent:" when she covered her face with her hand, and, seemed incapable of finishing the sentence. Lady Clerville gave Theodore a look, which implied that it would be most prudent in him to withdraw. He hastily pressed his lips to the cold forehead of his expiring friend, clasped her hand tenderly in his own, and just articulating—Farewell, dear, dear Cornelia! hurried from the room, and unable to bear conversation with any one, quitted the house.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1812.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

SEVERAL accounts concur in stating the unconditional repeal of the Orders in Council. Mr. George Barclay, son of the late British consul, arrived here lately in a cartel vessel from Halifax; he proceeded immediately for Washington with dispatches for the American government, and for the British charges de affaires; it is supposed by some that Mr. Barclay carried the official notice of the repeal of the British decrees. Lord Wellington is assuming a more offensive attitude against the French on the peninsula: the British army entered Salamanca on the 16th June; and Marmont was retiring towards Valladolid. We have nothing further of an interesting nature from any part of the European continent.

The war against England has taken an active and important form. Brigadier Gen. Hull at the head of 2500 men, crossed the Detroit river on the 11th ultimo and advanced to Sandwich in the British territory, where he established his head quarters; and from whence he dates his proclamation on the following day. In other respects the war for the last week has been confined to the taking of merchant vessels of which several have been captured on each side.

Commodore Rogers was spoken on the 4th July in lat. 46. 43. lon. 36. 46. the fleet was then lying to.

The Essex frigate, capt. Porter, has taken a British transport bound from Barbadoes to Quebec, with 197 soldiers; but having no men to spare, permitted her to proceed, after taking out all the fire arms, and parolling the men and officers.

The riots at Baltimore, of which we made mention last week, have subsided; and we are happy to say that the accounts which first reached us were incorrect in many particulars especially as respects the number of lives lost.

The annual commencement of the students of Columbia College was held on Tuesday the 4th inst. in Trinity church in this city, when, after going through the exercises of the day, with great order and propriety, degrees were conferred on several of the students.

A daring attempt was made to rob the house of Mrs. Samler near the 3 mile stone on the Harlem road, on Saturday night last between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock. The villains, having been discovered in the attempt to enter a window, by means of a ladder, precipitately retreated, after leaving behind them a hat, a loaded pistol, a pick lock, &c. It is hoped some of these articles may lead to the detection of the thieves.

At the Criminal Court held in this city, five of the rioters who attempted to pull down a house in James-street, were tried, convicted, and sentenced to one year's confinement in the city-prison or Bridewell.

The Storm. About eight o'clock on Saturday evening we had one of the most severe thunder-storms ever experienced in this city, accompanied with lightning and a heavy shower of rain, which continued nearly an hour.

The schr. Maria, Bancroft, which had just arrived from Salem, laden with rum and hemp, whilst at anchor off the Coffee-house slip, had her main-mast nearly shivered to pieces by the lightning; the captain, crew, and all the passengers, knocked down; and the schooner and the hemp set fire to, which was got under without any material injury by the extraordinary exertions of those who had the direction of our floating engines. Capt. Bancroft is severely hurt, and one of his crew is said to be drowned.

The lightning also struck the flag-staff of the Tontine-coffee-house, and shivered it to pieces without materially injuring the roof of the house.

Some chimnies were destroyed, and several persons knocked down by the severity of the storm; but we have not yet heard of the loss of any lives.

The ship Millwood, of this port, on her way to some port in Spain or Portugal, was struck with lightning on Saturday night last. One man was killed, and the captain and one or two others on board considerably injured. What damage the vessel has sustained we have not heard. She has put into New-London to repair.

On Monday last Gen. Armstrong took command

ously hoping every minute to pass by her, when she suddenly stops to hitch on her patten, the sharp rim of which violently grates your instep, already sore from a previous accident.

Reading a very witty play to a small circle of friends, one of whom is so deaf, that at every exclamation of pleasure given by the rest, begs you would have the goodness to raise your voice, and repeat the passage.

After having sung one of your best songs, being flattered with the enquiry of a deaf gentleman, who asks whether you have been singing.

When you have said what you conceive to be a *devilish good thing*, finding no person laughing but yourself.

Being complimented, in company, at the expense of a lovely girl, for whom you have a regard, and whose conduct you are not permitted to vindicate.

Visiting a friend in a small country town for a few days, whose conversation and company you wish to enjoy, all his acquaintance invite you to their houses; so that with running the gauntlet through dinner, table, and supper parties, you are nearly exhausted, and do not experience one moment of pleasure from your friend's society.

In a whiskey, wishing to make all possible speed, as you have an engagement on your hands, having half ascended a steep hill, your horse makes a point blank stop; applying the whip to him, he backs you, so that within a few minutes you are at the bottom of the hill you left a quarter of an hour before.

Being to start on particular business in the morning by the mail, at six o'clock, having ordered your servant to call you at half past five, he wakes you an hour too soon; being sleepy from sitting up late and packing up the night before, you dose till after seven, when you get up, and have the satisfaction of knowing the coach must have been off at least an hour.

Wishing in a journey to spare your own horse, you hire a hack, who, with considerable persuasion, and not without frequent endeavours to say his prayers on the road, takes you a stage of sixteen miles in five hours.

THE following Epitaph, on a carpenter at Portsmouth, tends to prove that whatever *little* faults our partners in life may have, and which perhaps we are disposed to magnify during their lives, dwindle into *nothing* when we have the misfortune to be deprived of them. It is not to be supposed that the Fair Readers of this miscellany are literally under the *correcting hand* of their husbands; but a harsh word, an unkind look, are, to a delicate mind, what a *thumb-stick** is to the vulgar. It would, therefore, be wise in us, and tend much to our comfort, to make as light of our husband's faults as possible, while we have them, as it is certain we shall have occasion to regret them (faulty or not) when we have lost them.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lieth *Jemmy Little*, a carpenter industrious, A very good natur'd man, but sometimes a *little blustering*;

When that his *little* wife his authority withstood. He took a *little* stick, and bang'd her as he would. That wife now left alone, her loss does so deplore, She wishes *Jemmy* back, to bang her a *little* more: For now he's dead and gone, this fault appears so small, A *little* thing would make her think that it was none at all.

* Judge Butler decided, that every man has a right to beat his wife with a stick as thick as his thumb! As the Judge was a very corpulent man, it is to be hoped he did not mean his own thumb.

of the orts, &c. in this harbour, in place of Gen. Bloomfield, who has returned to Trenton to attend the meeting of the Legislature of New-Jersey.

The lovers of the drama will learn with pleasure, that their old favourite Mrs. MELMOTH is so far recovered from the accident which had so nearly proved fatal to her on her journey from Philadelphia hither, as to intend playing for her own benefit in a few days, at the Olympic Theatre.

Robbery of the Mail. We learn, that \$ 20,000 in post-notes of the Merchants' Bank, which were sent in a letter from this city directed to New-Orleans, have been taken out of the mail on its route to that place; it is suspected by the Deputy Postmaster at Knoxville, who had absconded. A \$ 500 note, being part of said money, had been found in his possession.

A dreadful fire broke out at Pittsburgh, in the state of Pennsylvania, on Wednesday night the 22d ult. which destroyed fifteen houses.

The privateer schooner Governor M'Kean, of Philadelphia, has captured a British brig from London for La Vera Cruz, with a cargo invoiced at 70,000 pounds sterling, and got her safe into Philadelphia.

Nuptial.

LET the merry bells ring round

Let the sprightly tabor sound;

Hymen wears a habit gay,

For Cupid 'tis thy holiday.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. M'Clay, Mr. Jacob Bowne, to Mrs. Mary Versfelt, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. William L. Lawrence to Miss Jane Hutchinson, both of this city.

By the rev. Jesse Oakley, Mr. Pollard Blake, to Miss Catherine Bastine.

By the same, Mr. James Lawther, to Miss Catharine Weed, both of this city.

At Philadelphia, by the rev. Dr. Wilson, Mr. Joseph Bloomfield M'Ilvaine, to Miss Mary Ann Murray, eldest daughter of Commodore Alexander Murray.

Obituary.

" Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws.
'Cross our obstructed way, and thus to make
Welcome as safe, our port from every storm!"

DIED.

In this city, Mr. Wm. Hull, merchant, of the firm of Hull and Griswold, aged 30 years.

On the 23d of July, in the 27th year of her age, Martha Grant, second daughter of Edward Butler T. Grant, of Shrewsbury.

On the 5th inst. sailing-master William Downs, commanding Gun-Boat, No 102, on the New-York station.

At sea, on the 20th inst. George Jefferson, Esq. late American Consul at Lisbon. This worthy gentleman was on his way home in the Diana when he was attacked and taken off by a fever in the brain. He was a relation of the late President of the United States, and formerly a merchant in Richmond.

On Tuesday morning, in the 84th year of her age, Mrs. Mary Shoals, relict of the late Mr. John Shoals.

On Thursday, in the 58th year of his age, Capt. Henry Kermit.

On Monday, Mr. James White aged 38 years.

In the West Indies, Capt. J. Gore of his Britannic Majesty's ship Scorpion, drowned in attempting to save the life of a sailor who fell overboard. He had on former occasions saved two seamen by springing into the water after them.

Last Tuesday night, at his residence in Morrisville, John Morrell, esq. late of this city.

Seat of the Muses.

Thy voice, benign enchantress! let me hear,
Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom;
That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear,
Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom."

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

EPISTLE TO OLYMPIA.

From the Car of Neptune, Steam Boat, on the Hudson.

THE twilight steals on, and the beams of the day,
In Evening are silently melting away,
And the car of the sun, as it drives to the west,
Leaves the bosoms of all but the lover at rest.

All nature is hushed in that blissful repose,
So dear to the heart that with tenderness glows,—
Such repose as the fancy of poet's would shed
Round the couch on which Innocence pillows its head;
Not a sound can be heard on the silence of night
But the murmuring whispers of tender delight;
Lest the stillness, which heav'n has thrown all around,
Were dissolv'd by the gentlest breathing of sound;...
Or the noise of the bark as it glides from the shore
And wafts me far off from the girl I adore.

The cerulean vault, as the day-light retires
Is brilliantly gem'd with ethereal fires,
And Cynthia, cloth'd in her silvery sheen,
Her enchantment bestows on the magical scene.
I gaze on this scene, and believe that I see
A resemblance that renders it dearer to me;
For the night, as it throws o'er its shadowy stole
Is the twilight that sadness sheds over my soul;
And the vapours that Eve is distilling in dew,
Are the tears that each hour I am weeping for you.
But Oh!—if the darkness which nature enshrouds
Is like that which my bosom envelopes in clouds;
The moon-beams that sweetly enliven the gloom
Are the rays of that hope which my soul does illumine.

To the children of feeling, how deliciously bright!
Is that hour of eve when the day and the night
In social communion each other have met,
And resplendent with gems the blue concave is set.
How sweet then, to breathe the luxurious sigh!
And though consciously sad...yet be ignorant why,
To yield to those tears that spontaneously flow,
Yet the cause which has bid them...still never to know.
Tho' dear to my soul is the radiance of morn,
And the glories that blushing Aurora adorn,
Yet the drops that at Evening unconsciously fill
Sensibility's eye...are more exquisite still.
How sweet! in a rapturous hour like this,
To recall to the memory those moments of bliss
Which I've spent in the presence of her that I love
Ere a wand'r'er from her, I was destin'd to rove...
In fancy fly back to those scenes I have left,
To the friend of my bosom, of whom I'm bereft,
To those exquisite scenes of Elysian delight,
When as the sun sunk away in the shades of the night.
The rays of our hearts then united would play
More brilliant and warm than they'd done all the day:
When Fancy and feeling expanding to flow'r
Lent their magical aid to the rapturous hour,
When a word from your lip, or a smile from your eye
Dispell'd ev'ry pain and allay'd ev'ry sigh.
But ah! too delightful for mortals to last,
Those moments of heav'nly rapture are past,
And now far, far away from the friend of my soul
And from all that I love, a sad exile I stroll.
Tho' no longer I bask in the light of that smile
Whose magic, each pain of my heart could beguile,
Tho' no longer in rapture extatic my ear,
Drinks the strains of that voice 'twas delicious to hear,
And far from that eye in whose quick'ning beam,
All the lustre of heav'n would radiantly stream;
That eye whose dear ray, by some mystical charm,
The cold heart of a stoic could inspire and warm,
Yet the light of that smile, and the beam of that eye,
Shall illumine the dreams of the couch where I lie,
And when Morning has chas'd the fair vision away,
My fancy shall dream them again in the day,

Ah! surely those hours of silence and shade,
For the favorite few, were indulgently made;

Whose souls have been touch'd with celestial fire,
To worship like me, and like you to inspire.
Then as oft as those hours returning again,
The curtain of Evening throw over the plain,
In thought let us meet in some shadowy grove,
Where in solitude sweet, we together will rove;
Or by moon-light let's steal to some fanciful bow'r,
Where indulging our hearts to the spell of the hour,
We'll remember together, and together will feel,
Nor cherish a thought that we'd blush to reveal,
Or in union of feeling, we will let our eyes
Convene on the moon—or stray over the skies,
Where the heav'ns refulgent, tho' sever'd by fate,
On their beautiful page, our thoughts shall translate;
And when sleep's leaden sceptre o'er nature shall reign,
In visions of rapture, I will meet you again,
In those groves we will stray, that are sacred to love,
In the world of the saints I will meet you above;
But whether in worlds of the saints or in this,
In fancy or fact, it will always be bliss. G.

Morality.

(Continued from our last.)

The path to peace is virtue; what I show,
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow. Juv.

I thought that I very readily accepted the invitation of the philosopher; and, looking through the aperture, I beheld a surrounding landscape, fertile and barren, cultivated and waste, mountainous and plain, intersected with innumerable roads and paths; some spots laid out in beautiful gardens, others spread over with weeds; some parts watered with fruitful springs, and others dry, and without verdure. I observed edifices of various kinds, towers, castles, palaces, and cottages, mingled together; and was expressing my admiration of the capacity of the instrument, when I thought the philosopher interrupted me: "You may perceive," said he, "that the world, take it in the whole, is no such bad place to live in; but let us endeavour to discover what it is that prevents our enjoyment of the blessings it affords. Fix your eyes upon a particular object; select for your observation a youth just issuing forth from one of the great temples of education, and observe the course he takes."—Methought I was not long at a loss for a subject: I observed a fine handsome youth, with the bloom of health upon his face; but fancied I discovered a degree of audacity and haughtiness in his looks, that did not very well correspond with a proper education; particularly as I saw that the master of the seminary was a clergyman; but, upon examining more carefully, I discovered that the old Gentleman's black coat was patched all over with shreds of Greek and Latin passages from different authors; some sublime and delicate, others vulgar and obscene; a few of those he had stuffed into the ears of his pupils; but not a single rule of reason or precept of religion had he inculcated; the truth was, he had but few of them himself, and none to spare. I thought at this moment I asked my friend the philosopher, Whether the youth I had noticed set out alone on his important journey through life. "Certainly not," replied he; "it would be something unusual if he did. It is true, he will not have the companions who ought to accompany youth; you will not see Virtue, with 'her robes unsullied as the falling snow,' nor celestial Piety, in 'her milk-white vest;' as for Modesty, she is seldom found in these temples of public education, having been ill-treated by the ancients, and being almost disowned by the moderns: but if you will look with attention, you will discern two extraordinary personages, extremely proper to accompany a young Gentleman of his family and fortune. Do you not observe a creature of uncommon figure, a misshapen mass, a lump of wretched deformity; its head small and shallow; its eyes inflamed and glaring; its little nose turned up at the point, and its cheeks inflated! See: it is mounted upon stilts; and, though it is in constant dread of a fall, will not forsake its uneasy exaltation. That admirable personage," added the philosopher, "is *Pride*; and next to him you will notice a spruce little Gentleman, in superfine black, with well-powdered hair: he is the *Tutor*, who holds his respectable office upon the express condition, that he should not offend the great personage on stilts, who is intended by the parents of the young Gentleman to be his constant companion through life."—"But, pray who is this," cried I, "that appears advancing towards them, a more remarkable figure than either of the other two; I mean that little animal with a pair of

boots on its legs, which resemble two enormous pillars, a coat with puckered sleeves, a black wig, and embroidered pantaloons? It seem to change its appearance every instant, and is followed by a number of people, who appear to be tailors, barbers and shoemakers, with a numerous train of little deformed imps.—"That, Sir," said the philosopher, "is *Fashion*; the urchins behind are its children, and are called *Absurdities*. See how eagerly the youth follows the monster; it will introduce him presently to some genteel company."—I imagined that this remark of the metaphysician's was immediately verified: for a lady now joined the party: she had a mask, which she held carefully before her face; was dressed in a robe of rich silk, and seemed desirous to please the young traveller; presenting him every instant with opera and masquerade tickets, cards, dice, &c. till she wearied herself with her polite attention. "I presume you guess who that Lady is," said the philosopher: "her name is *Dissipation*; she always wears that mask in company, but is without it at home, where her true countenance is that of chagrin, vexation, languor, and pain: in short, the pale unwholesome complexion of a disturbed rest and an unquiet mind."

Anecdotes.

THE ORIGIN OF GREAT NAMES.

Lord Lyttleton once disputing with lord Temple on the antiquity of their two families, insisted upon it that the name of Grenville was originally Greenfield: lord Temple asserted that it was derived from *grande ville*. "Well then," said lord Lyttleton, "if you will have it so, my family may boast of the higher antiquity; for *little towns* were certainly antecedent to great cities; but if you are content with the more humble derivation, I must give up the point; for *green fields* were certainly more ancient than either.

.....

QUEEN CAROLINE AND OLD WHISTON.

The late queen Caroline, who affected to patronize and converse with men of learning, was remarkably fond of the company of Whiston, the astronomer. He once observed the queen at the royal chapel, whispering and talking to the ladies who attended her, and took an opportunity of informing her, that such levity was very unbecoming in a person of her exalted rank, and would be a bad example to others. The queen listened to the old philosopher with great attention, and when he had finished his reproof, told him she took his freedom very kind. "And now, Mr. Whiston," added she, "tell me of some other of my faults." "When your majesty condescends to correct that of which I have now told you," replied he, "I will."

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PREVENTION BETTER THAN PUNISHMENT.

As an Italian general was one day watching the inhabitants of Camerino, who were diverting themselves with a mock fight, he was accidentally wounded by an arrow. The by-standers instantly seizing the man who shot it, were condemning him to lose his hand; but Rodolfo commanded them to dismiss the culprit, saying, that such a sentence would have been of some service if it had been executed before he was wounded, but that it was now too late.

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